2. APR. 03

BE BRAVE BOLD ROBOT

Well Helll.....wow, Hi. You know, you have really vibrant eyes. Full of...I don't know....all those unspeakable certainties in life. Wow! I mean, not only are they warm and smiling, they seem to exude this innate wisdom.....like, regardless of what you know, your eyes still keep on screaming (hand quotes) "look, look at me! I have seen the whole and I assure you that there is solace there....there's room for everyone to breathe!" Man, a person could get lost in those eyes....but, yeah....so, I'm glad someone like you is holding this paper bundle here in your hot little hands. Have fun with it. Roll it up into a tube and look into it, and then speak into it, like a pirate. Arrrr, a Pirrrate with pretty eyes. If in doubt, or shallow-seated personal turmoil, email deanhaakenson@yahoo.com. If you see ghosteses in the hallway, first, be brave, and then email mattd82@aol.com. Cheers, -Management

The You with the bent Fingers and the Curly hair

I remember, all the time
how you once said that
brushing your teeth before
you went to bed
was pointless
because
in the turmoil and seething
of a night's rest,
the mouth builds with stench
Anyway.
The morning is all you need.
Of course, it was bullshit
but it stuck,
like bullshit tends to do

So tonight (much too late) I ate bullshit stew
and did not brush my teeth, just like you

Billboard Top Ten Records for the week of April 14, 2002

By Dennis Yudt

1. Various Artists- Now That's What I Call Music! Volume 9 (Universal/Sony/Zomba/EMI)

It was a sliver of light, quiet and intense and it found its way onto my closed eyes, breaking thru the blackness of sleep. The breeze from the morning pushed the blinds out widened the arc and it warmed my face and I realized that I've come out of my slumber and yet again made it through another night. The ears became attuned to the distant drones of mowers and birds conversing in their whistled jargon and raspy brays. I cracked open an eye just a sliver and focused on the iridescent beam to watch the dust floating and colliding like miniature worlds, just as I did as a child. It was hard to follow the abstract paths of just one particle so I reached for my bifocals and watched entire galaxies drift in slow, slow motion. As I stared at this spectral dance stretched out on the cool cotton, I felt smooth warm skin brush against mine. She twisted her body and stretched her arms, first up, then out and let out a silent yawn. Her hair was a tangled halo in the sunlight and her eyes searched the room till they made contact with mine. She looked at me pensively, frowning slightly. I knew what she was going to say.

"Mister, when can I see my mommy again?" she asked softly.

"Now, you know that I can't just keep going up to the attic and drag that big, heavy box down every time you want see your mama. Then I have to haul it allllllll the way back. Besides, I'm going to kill myself today."

"Good," she said emphatically, "'cause you're mean."

"Awwwww, what! Now, now…now that wasn't a nice thing to say," I replied, feigning hurt, "I'm doing it because music is so bad nowadays. Look at that *Now That's What I Call Music* series. People pay money to listen to the same songs they can hear for free 2000 times a day on the radio. People are idiots. That's the other reason. Music is bad and people are idiots."

Like a falling leaf, he twists beneath his head and prepares to land with absent fear and a steady ear, he smoothly puts out his hand.

"You're the idiot! Who cares what you think! Who cares about your stupid music, people can like whatever they want. You're mad because you probably have to listen to the oldies station to hear music <u>you</u> like." she said with as much contempt as a little girl could muster. "But it doesn't matter because you're going to the chair then you're going to hell!"

"What kind of talk is that from a pretty little girl? I was going to make you a special breakfast this morning and everything. I got Otter Pops just for you." I held up an Alexander the Grape.

"I don't want your stupid Otter Pops! I just wanna go hooooooome!" she said, crying and kicking.

"But you need a big breakfast because you have a <u>big</u> day today. Some nice men are going to come by and take you to your new home. Have you ever driven on a motorcycle before? Vroooom, vroom!" I said while twisting wrists back and forth. "And guess what else? There'll be 15 different hogs, that's just another name for motorcycles—hogs, and *you* can choose which one you want to ride. Vroom, vroom!" I gave a weak smile and she glared fluffy little carnation pink machetes into my forehead.

"So let me get this straight…you're selling me to a biker gang.

"How old are you? Soooo smart for your age…how old, like 13 or 14?"

"12 and a half."

"And you already know about biker gangs? Biker gangs…electric chairs, eternal damnation…boy, you're a sharp one. What a smarty!" Just then a juggernaut of choppers sounding like a giant horse rendering factory vomiting itself inside out rolled up to the house. "See the one with the human hair vest, that's Stinkdick, he's the leader." I said, pointing to the behemoth straddling the bike. "He's also a very talented movie director. Huge in Sweden."

Fifteen minutes later, they left with as much fanfare as when they arrived. The little girl…huh…guess I never asked what her name was…was full of spunk to the end but I guess that's what animal tranquilizers are for.

Now where was I? Oh yes, killing myself...

2. Jay-Z and R. Kelly- The Best of Both Worlds (Rock-a-Fella/Def Jam)

Reason #7 Why You'll Never "Make It" In "Music": Well, why do you want to do that anyways? Why don't you make a sandwich and give it to a homeless person or read to a blind person instead. Study to be a doctor. Pet a dog. Read a book.

3.Various Artists- O Brother, Where Art Thou? (Lost Highway/Mercury)

bandwagon: (band' wag' en) *idiom-* to join a party, cause, movement, etc., that appears to be gaining popular support. Ken Burns' *Jazz,* the Macarena, grunge, "alternative" rock, Sac Pop...who'd thunk that bluegrass would be the lambada of the new millennium? Suuuure you did. Come here you lil' lamb, time for Daddy to sheer the wool that's grown over them purty brown eyes.

4. Glenn Lewis- World Outside My Window (Epic)

It's kinda funny that I have to kill myself. I'd much rather be murdered. I really thought by **now** that someone would have taken me out. I've had this, well, premonition since I was 3 years old that I would be kacked by the hands of another. I've pretty much had resigned myself to the notion, but y'know, the older I get, the less destined I feel. I thought it would go a lil' something like this...
Me: *(cheerfully to stranger on street)* Hello.

Stranger: *(stops dead in tracks, turns and runs towards me and starts yelling in my face)* WHAT DID YOU SAY TO ME, FAGGOT?!? *(thrusts dull 10" hunting knife to its hilt into my sternum)* HOW THE FUCK DO YOU LIKE THAT, COCKSUCKER!?!
Me: It's very interesting ***(makes strange gurgling noises, eyes roll up into head, convulsing and a graceful arc of blood squirting from the chest like a goddamn Renaissance fountain with every beat of the heart)*** Much shittier *(gurgle)* then I *(gurgle)* thought.

as i will always somewhat wonder
why genius bursts and spreads asunder

And there, I would lie in an ever-growing puddle of my own guts/bluuud/poop and die. I would have a nice memorial, the wife and kid would cry a lot and everyone would be deeply moved. A nice 1" x 1 ½" candid b&w would appear in that week's Bee and exactly 8 people will cut it out. (But by year's end only 3 of them will know where it is.) So, what went wrong? Well...

99% of people are inherently 1) lazy and 2) stupid. "Really?" you gasp. Just drive around West Sacramento or Rancho Cordova for an hour. Hang out in the parking lots of professional sporting events. Make the acquaintance with the residents of a local college fraternity house. See? People are too dumb and slovenly to commit a perfect crime. The reason murderers are caught? It's always some idiotic reason like 'the accused dropped 8x10 glossy of self at crime scene' or "Oh yeah...fingerprints.'

Dumb and lazy. So lazy that you can't change the radio station when, oh...what's his name, oh yeah, Glenn Lewis comes on. So dumb that you accept the "if it's on the radio it's gotta be good." Now look. He's at #4. So lazy you let yourself get force-fed crap by the shovel full. So dumb you don't know what to do about it. So lazy that you wish you were a rock star so you could become even lazier. So dumb that you think this is a good idea.

5. Jimmy Buffett- Far Side of the World (Mailboat)

Postscript to "Reason #7 Why You'll Never "Make It" In "Music"": Well, first off the whole, pathetic idea of "working hard" to become a "rock star" is only surpassed by *pretending* to try to be one because it takes soooooo much less effort. But besides that, everyone thinks your band sucks the reproductive organs of pack animals and other beasts of burden but they refuse to tell you because you are weepy little nothings whose collective panti will get all bunched up and compete

→ p. 11

Interior of a shambled living room. Shot from uppermost corner of room farthest away from the guy sleeping on the couch. Beer bottles strewn everywhere. 9:00 am in sunny California. Fall. Music continues from production banner (Circus of Sour-Donovan). Shot glides (like a bird) from inner living room to outside apartment walkway where three people walk solemnly away from the closed apartment door (like monks) and out onto the city sidewalk and depart without goodbyes to their three separate automobiles (white Dodge Astrovan, gold 80s commonplace Mercedes, and purple Ford Probe) under the music, all beat-boxing and humming a simultaneous slow chant. The shot encompasses all cars (three separate corners of a stop sign intersection) and then moves horizontally to the back bedroom of the apartment in question (taking the back route through the walkway and the back common area of the 4-plex apartment building). Enter through the window of the back bedroom and close up of the gaping mouth of the "Rancor" action figure on the bookshelf.

Close up of the gaping mouth of Dd in bed in awkward drunk position.

Darkness as music fades and slumber breathing of Dd is interrupted by classical music.

Camera shot from the eye of Dd opens (wipe from left to right on rectangular alarm clock face in front of Dd's eyes) to show "7:11" on the clock.

Close up on alarm clock switch as Dd's hand enters the shot and turns it off.

Close up on cat's eyes sleeping on chair in corner of back bedroom. Slight pull out on shot as cat's eyes open slightly (Dd makes a throaty waking noise).

Close up on "Rancor"s upraised clawed hand.

Overhead shot of Dd as he rises from bed (determined), throws blankets aside and exits shot.

Close up on sticker on door of apt. "May the force be with you"

Two part Shot of Cc (guy on couch in living room) from the front of his head and showing side wall (with large handwritten letters "LIFE IS A MIXED UP JOURNEY") which ends at the edge of bathroom doorway. Dd walks by in back (with a glimpse of his bare shoulders) and closes bathroom door, making a sound. Cc stirs and opens sleepy eyes. They look halfway to the right and then close again.

Shot from outside bathroom window at Dd brushing his teeth as camera moves vertically upward toward 2nd story bathroom window to see Jj looking out of it (through the screen) at the sky beyond the roof of the house next door.

- Close up of cat's paws in Dd's bedroom as they stretch, the claws projecting from the fur just a bit.
- Close up of an empty computer screen in a cubicle office as a black woman walks by in African clothing on outskirts of shot.
- Interior shot of sugar bowl on coffee table in office, facing outward (through bowed glass) at long row of cubicles. African woman (Elaine) enters shot and camera pans up and out through the top of the sugar bowl at Elaine's smiling face looking directly at the sugar (camera)
- Tight level shot of Elaine's face as she takes a deep breath through her nose.
- Ground mid shot of bathtub basin and spread green towel on the floor as Dd's feet step (one by one) on the towel. Shot pans left to kitty litter box and corner of the bathroom as kitty is peeing (as Dd dries off).....and then back to Dd's feet as Dd's hands enter the shot (Dd is stretching)
- Overhead shot of dressed Dd in center of backroom, standing still with hands at side.
- Behind shot (other side of bed) as Dd sits down on bed, hands docile on knees.
- Close up on Dd's face as he stares blankly in front of him (camera). His left eye closes slightly as if exhausted (fact).

→ p.6

a place on the floor to cry and to dance

several house plants

a thousand ants

Loi Linda, to Happenstance (sung in a bouncy 2/4 tempo):

The best shit's found on the side of the road.
I said The best shit's best when it stays untold
I said The best shit's in the garbage and you know it's true
An' baby someday, that's where I'll find you...(cuz you're the best shit)

Do you have...?
(any) money
(any) cigarettes
(any) matches

Ha lei...?
denaro
sigarette
fiammiferi

I wonder if, when your cat is sleeping,
she dreams about babies and being a mother.
being happy, sure, but nonetheless,
knowing that there was missing
in-stink-ly something
away
make the band play my blues away
awake
your kitties are here to stay

Karma Repair Kit: Items 1-4

1. Get enough food to eat, and eat it.

2. Find a place to sleep where it is quiet, and sleep there.

3. Reduce intellectual and emotional noise until you arrive at the silence of yourself, and listen to it.

4.

-- Richard Brautigan
http://home.no.net/mskogly/brautigan/romaner/confederate.html

There's not a chance in hell that I'm going to sleep.
There's not a chance in hell that I'm actually awake.
It flows forth like a river bed
full of smooth river stones that the water passes over
like soft satin and skin
Just when you suppose your eyes could droop,
the rest of your body functions fast and clearly,
not subconscious, consciousness,- just is..
And you fall asleep with your 3rd eye open too....
the city, the land of the lost
While hurrying people quickly pass gutter drunks.
Both heading in the same direction,
there's no separation
no church vs. state
It's the same enigma that plagues us all:
Not for better, not for worse, just for everything:
every dirty fingernail, every lopsided grin, every misdirected comment,
from every unconsidered thought.
Raw in its purest form: LIFE

- Same longitude, side profile shot of right side of Dd's face with right side of screen holding window (half open pulley blind) as kitty enters left and walks along windowsill.
- Close up of phone consul in cubicle office (next to aforementioned computer.....Dd's computer) which contains large words "**idle**" surrounded by date (october 22, 2004.....or closest weekday) and other stuff. Background noise is apple being eaten (crunch crunch) by neighboring cubicle inhabitant (Guillermo....older Hispanic guy, grey hair, flannel shirt, "Buena vista social club" coming out of his computer speakers).
- Close up on drawing of Caesar Chavez (preferably the one where all of the pictures of marching activists and picketing fire scenes meld into the bust of Caesar Chavez). Pan right to consumer bulletin about a recently recalled adult diaper (?)
- Close up of Guillermo's teleconsul which says "incoming LSD" as phone makes a ringing sound.
- Close up of Guillermo's eyes as they look at the phone consul (emotionless)
- Slow motion close up action shot of Guillermo's finger (excited Spanish guitar still playing-BVSC) descending and pressing the "enter" button.
- Overhead shot of Guillermo <"consumer assistance" ....."bueno"....."Diga me" (Spanish)> statements fade as camera shot thrust upward (still facing down) through five stories of working people and out to the rooftop. Camera angles level to reveal a skyline of trees and a shining sun through a legion of random cumulous clouds.
- Close up on a cloud that resembles the AUM symbol (?)
- Back to skyline shot and fade in of faraway echoey mariachi music from a car three blocks away.

- Long shot of treelined Sacramento city street (two blocks long, city park on left, corner store on right, beyond store (across street on right)-Dd's apts.) Mariachi car (nice lowrider convertible) starts top and drives down street out of shot. Mariachi music fades.
- Midshot of entire apartment kitchen counter. Microwave tucked left with cups, pepper shaker, a potato perched on a paperback book...on top of it. Both sides of kitchen sink full (one with dirty soapy (and presumably cold) water in it). Square counter space to right of sink holds: stack of dried spaghetti plates (5) to the back left, upright roll of paper towels at front left, a silver goblet and "big gulp" cup to the back right and a plastic film canister and bright purple smoking piece to the front right.
  A softball sized yellow foam ball enters from right, quickly, whizzes across, hitting the left given wall of the kitchen and bounces back. Three times this happens as the ball thrower (Dd) dum di dums (as in someone singing "dumdi di dum")
- Midshot of Cc (full couch shot, level with Cc's body) as Cc quickly sits upright (his derriere not moving), his blanket tangled, and starts laughing. The camera pans right 90 degrees to Dd in kitchen upholstered rocking chair (facing the wall he was throwing the ball against) his head turned toward laughing Cc.

Dd: good morning mr. Chupacabra.

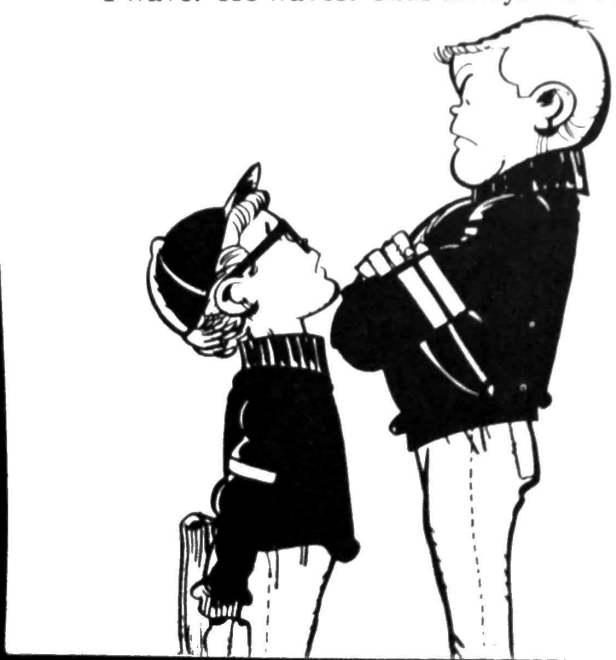
Midshot of top of Cc's body. His head down (in his hands) as Dean finishes, he brings his head up and slides his fingers down his face, elongating it and then smiling as his hands leave his face

→ OVER

(glasses raised) Here's to a Responsible God!

She, walking towards me, is not blind.
Her eyes, at this moment now distinguishable,
are too attentive and focused to not be in fine
working order.
To her, all is ocular.
There...she sees me.
I am still staring. Embarrassed for us both, I
avert my gaze to likely surrounding objects.
"now I am looking at the grass to the right
of the sidewalk. Oh, how green."
I look back at her.
She seems to be looking to her side of the sidewalk.
At the street. Maybe she likes cars. I wonder
if she finds Jay Leno attractive.
We're gettin' close.
I am smiling. I am light and happy...and free.
No traps here lady. It's OK to look.
She keeps staring at the sidewalk six feet
in front of her. I stare like a friendly dog.
I know I am in her peripheral. I know that
She knows that I am look..-- She looked!
She looked...but then quickly looked away.
"Ahh no Fair! I saw you look! No takebacks!
come on, just say Hi.
You kind of have to, I think.....shiiit.
Whatever. I can't dwell on it."

I pass a kid and we joust a staring contest.
I wave. He waves. Kids always wave back.



Cc: aaaahhhhaaahaaaa .....I threw up last night.....(Spanish accent) I drank too much.....too much.

- Close up of Dd's face and as Cc finishes, Dd looks to his left at the endtable by the front door.
- Bunny Rabbit Ears on the table
- Ceiling shot between Cc and Dd

Dd: Did Sammy leave this morning?
Cc: yea...
Dd: Fuck!...Shoot.., He was supposed to take back the bunny suit and the videos.

- Left side of screen: stack of three videos, right side: a heaping ashtray.....both on the coffee table.

Dd and Cc: uuuuuunnnnnnggggghhhh (apathetic despair)
Cc: I'll take them back

offscreen: Cc has risen and goes around table, entering the background, and exit right to bathroom.

- Midshot of Dd in chair. As he speaks, he turns his head towards the sun shining through the window, sunshine in his eyes, making him squint.
- Audio still Dd, as the angle is first person from Dd's point of view. Camera zooms out of the window and ascends up and towards the sun. Camera slows and stops above the body of a squirrel resting on the top of a wooden telephone pole, looking at the sun.
- Close up on the face of the squirrel

→ p.9

VARIETIES OF FOODS

APPLES

Variety	Season	Eating	Cooking	Baking	General
Yellow Transparent	July, August	X	X		
Gravenstein	July through Sept.	X	X		X
Oldenburg	July through Oct.		X	X	
Williams	Aug., Sept.	X			X
Maiden Blush	Aug. through Nov.		X		X
Wealthy	Aug. through Dec.		X		X
Twenty Ounce	Sept. through Nov.		X		
King David	Oct., Nov.	X			X
Winter Banana	Oct. through Dec.	X			X
Fameuse (Snow)	Oct. through Dec.	X			
McIntosh	Oct. through Jan.	X		X	X
Grimes Golden	Oct. through Jan.	X			X
Spitzenburg	Oct. through Feb.	X			X
York Imperial	Oct. through Feb	X			X
Jonathan	Oct. through Feb.	X			X
Rhode Island Greening	Oct. through March		X		X
Northwestern Greening	Oct. through March		X		
Northern Spy	Oct. through March	X			X
Tolman Sweet	Oct through March	X		X	
Delicious	Oct. through April	X			
Wagener	Nov. through Jan.	X			X
Thompkins King	Nov. through Feb.	X			X
Stayman Winesap	Nov. through April	X		X	X
Baldwin	Nov. through April	X			X
Rome Beauty	Nov. through May		X	X	
Ben Davis	Nov. through May		X		
Arkansas (Mammoth Black Twig)	Nov. through May		X	X	
White Pearmain	Dec. through March	X			X
Stark	Dec through May		X		
Winesap	Jan. through May	X			X
Wolf River	Sept. through Dec		X	X	
Yellow Newton (Albemarle Pippin)	Jan. through May	X			X
Missouri Pippin	Jan. through May		X		
Ingram	Jan through May				X

NO NAME NOT REAL
By Shannon O'Connor
Your exquisite taste
Your sleekness and grace
I pale & dead
Among the living
The soft refugee of sleep
In which I seek shelter
When life shines too brightly
And rears its mammoth head
Sleep so well in your arms
Safe I decided, away from harm
The raining silent of cold disappears
When I am guest in your bed
You read my scars
Counted my sorrows
But you still see me

h u s h e d

"Hi!" he says, longwinded and embellishing.
"Hey. Is this it?" he says with phones of the head in his ear and big cheeks, and a round belly.
"Yeah....oh and this." says he, with twisted uncomfortable eyes and a sheepish grin.
He Laughs.
"Want a bag?" he asks as he delivers his uncomfortable message with funny ears.
"No...Thank you though." he replies, under his breath and matter of factly.

Investment Fraud? Suspicious Securities?
Problems with a Mortgage Loan Company?
Call Dean Haakenson (916) 322-6055

- Open shot of the sun in center of the screen as Dd is finishing speaking

What Dd spake:

Dd: thanks.....I think Sam has the rest of the bunny suit in his car.....(chuckle) Dude, we went to the bar last night and Sam is fucking roasted, right, I'm talking he would be quiet for a bit and then just bust out in a maniacal fit of laughter.....It almost sounded like he was trying to impress...what's her name?...Becky?
Cc: Becky...(brushing his teeth)....she's fine
Dd: MMMMMHHHHHMMMMMM (sustained satisfaction)...and sam was being hella stupid....saying shit like we were hella cool guys and we do cool things all the time.....it was like nervous bragging. I think he was just self conscious of the bunny suit.....I don't know.

- Sun shot does an imploding fade/wipe where the outer sky turns dark from the outside in and the sun slowly fades to a shot from the shallow bowels of the sink drain, looking out as Cc hovers over the drain and spits.
- (music starts: sunrise, sunset-bright eyes) Close up of Dd's face in the sun, as he looks up inquisitively, smirks and leaves. Kitty then jumps onto the back of the chair and lays.

Dd: I'll see you later, I gotta go.

- Side shot of Cc's upper body in front of the mirror with Dd walking out the door (closing it) in the background. Cc waves without looking and grunts a goodbye.
- Outside. Faraway elevated zoom shot of Dd walking out to the sidewalk and then towards the

direction of the camera. About midway to the camera, Dd looks up at the camera (squirrel on the phone post) and smiles a big smile as he bites his apple.

- Body shot of squirrel as it runs away.

- Close up of obese black woman's lips (bright red lipstick) opening and taking a bite out of a cheese Danish. Camera pulls back and is following in front of Keeya (tight colorful skirt suit. Gargantuan Breasts and a body to match) She is swaying and strutting and saying "hey!" through a mouthful of pastry. In her right hand is balanced a purple donut box like a waiter's tray. Camera slows and moves left while panning to the right. Keeya walks in front of camera as camera heads down the front cubicle isle (bordered by a wall) after an old wrinkly southern woman named Willy. She is well proportioned and dressed nice with a scarf.....like old money. She is constantly humming. Camera follows over her left shoulder showing a picture of a scantily clad man on a piece of paper partly covered by others. She stops walking at the head of an isle
- Close up of Willy's peach colored lips as they form a wrinkly smile.
- Ceiling shot of Willy quickly shuffling the papers as she heads down the cubicle isle away from the camera giving a wide shot of people in cubicles on phones.
- Darkness. Muffled sounds of commerce.

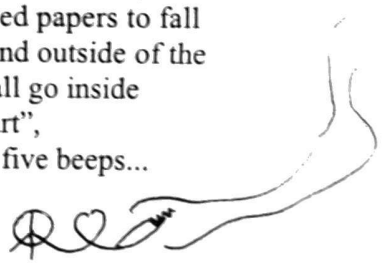
Hackneyed and witherworn, I cripple myself and hope that sombody is listening.

- Wide shot of large state building from across street. Dd enters stage left.
- Close up of guy on steps in front of glassed office, smoking a cigarette. Dd lower half enters left.

Dd: good morning, brick house.
Bb: good morning, Dd. What's up.

Dd (stretching): Oh shit man.....I raised my body chemical levels to points so intoxicating and effervescent that I cannot even recall the momentous momentito when I saw what I thought was god, which I'm not sure I remember because I can't but, but I think....
Bb: what? (laughs)
Dd: uh....I saw jeremy last night.

- Flashback. Five slanted party people from night before, in car. Front view of all of them. Bunny man in back seat, talking with Becky. They park. They get out. mid-Close up of Dd getting out, causing a few crumpled papers to fall on the ground outside of the car. They all go inside "Tower Mart", single file, five beeps...



I masticate without any teeth.

for ass-space with yr heads. Also, when people quote any of you, they use a widdle, widdle girly voice. And at this very moment, your girlfriend is blowing the singer from the headlining band.

Thank you for listening.

6. Alan Jackson- Drive (Arista Nashville)

I just made up this brand new oxymoron and I can't use it anywhere, so I'll just have to tell you.
A third-rate Courtney Love.
Once again, thank you.

7. Linkin Park- Hybrid Nation (Warner Brothers)

Postscript to Postscript to Reason #7 Why You'll Never "Make It" In "Music": Oh yeah, I almost forgot...your music and songs SUCK, man! Duuuuude, you'd soooooo RULE if you were more like Linkin Park instead of...uh...hey, dude, who's number eight?

8. Alanis Morrisette- Under Rug Swept (Maverick)

Alanis Morrisette stood nude with her back turned to me singing the song "Ironic" in the corner of this cheap, border-town motel, its thick adobe walls whitewashed with lime speckled with imperfections, a perfect accent to frame the acne on Alanis' big white ass .

"You don't even know what the word "ironic" means!" I try to yell thru her howl, each word punctuated by a spray of sweat.

"It's a dry heat," she says as she whipped her head around dramatically and made eye contact, "That's ironic."

worry not my eternal hero....
for I nor you equate to zero...

"That's not ironic...that's just a...uh...never fucking mind. Can you leave now? I really want to be by myself."

She comes towards me, a horrific unshaven pear shape, pendulous breasts swinging like a couple bags of plaster of paris stapled to her chest and she smelt like the lunchmeat made from sick horses in Tijuana. I turn my head in revulsion. It was as if a small lapdog had found its way into my throat and was using my gag reflex as a chew toy. I felt her running one of her hoofs thru my hair.

"You don't have to be modest for my sake. I'm comfortable with my body. I'm very spiritual and this is my temple." she cooed, "Now then...do you want to watch me put this avocado up my ass? Wouldn't that be so...so...ironic?"

"No! Leave!" I pleaded.

"Now I know we only met about 20 minutes ago, but I feel like I have a special bond with you. Can you feel the energy, Donald? Perhaps we were lovers in a past life? Did you drink my sweet nectar from these loins, my dearest Donald?"
"My name's not Donald and I came down here to kill myself because of people like you making such bad music and stupid celebrity culture is killing legitimate culture and so could you please just leave me alone."

"Are you sad?"

"Sad? Frustrated, f'sure. Mad. Really fucking mad."

"Ooooooh, all of this masculine energy is making my clitoris swell." Alanis said smiling as she pointed down towards her hedgehog thicket, "Do you know what I always say when I'm a little sad? I always say "Fuck you, motherfuckers!" That always made me feel better." →

I
she d

Just then something clicked. Scary troll woman was right. And as Alanis used an ice bucket and then a plaster statue of Our Lady of Guadalupe for sexual satisfaction, I mulled over her simple words, "Fuck you, motherfuckers." That's it. I said it when I was a young man. What changed? Nothing.

So simple. So…uh, ironic.

9. Pink- *Missundazstood*

I woke up the next day feeling alive again. I have accepted that record labels will go on marketing crap as entertainment. I have accepted that most people are quite happy with this arraignment. I have accepted that there is only a small group of people out there that does not want to eat a steady stream of cold shit sandwiches day in and day out. I accept that I am one of these people. I accept the fact that I spend too much time caring about music. And most importantly, I accept that in the end, as I am lying on my deathbed, that, much like everything else, none of this will mean…

10. Celene Dion- *A New Day Has Come*

…..shit.

I refer to it as sleepwalking. When the waves of Audio and Optical spill over any lines of definition, and the left over senses are left buoyant, but still feel watery, liquid, translucent. The volume is turned down a few notches as well, everything becomes static, like the background noise of fuzz on a latenight television, black and white, hazy and indecipherable.
A woman rattles on in front of me. She's talking to unravel what she's thinking. The voice is directed at me, but it seems to becoming from behind, bouncing off fence posts and stucco walls. She's almost shouting but I can barely make out any structure. I watch her lips like the deaf, but my mind is blaring out other messages, interrupting her aimless chatter. Subconscious speaks first (me) and the world breaks through like commercials on the 6 O'clock news, thirty seconds at a time, garbage in-garbage out.

LOTS OF LITTLE ZEROS AND A FEW STRAGGLING ANTS - 0102011500

"HEAR YE, HEAR YE, ONE AND ALL! THE ROYAL FRUGAL BUGLE BOY WOULD LIKE TO GO ON A BIKE RIDE.....READY THE TWO WHEEL DEMON AND ROLL UP THE MAN'S RIGHT PANT LEG. FOR THE LOVE OF SAMUEL AND ALL WHOM HE HAS SLEPT NEAR!"
SILENCE. ALL OF THE FAITHFUL SUBJECTS GATHERED IN DROVES ALIGNED AND JUMBLED...PIXILATED...AWAITING THE MIGHT ROAR.
....BUT THE MONSTER ONLY COUGHS...
"COUGH!" "COFF!" "COIFPH!" "COUGH."

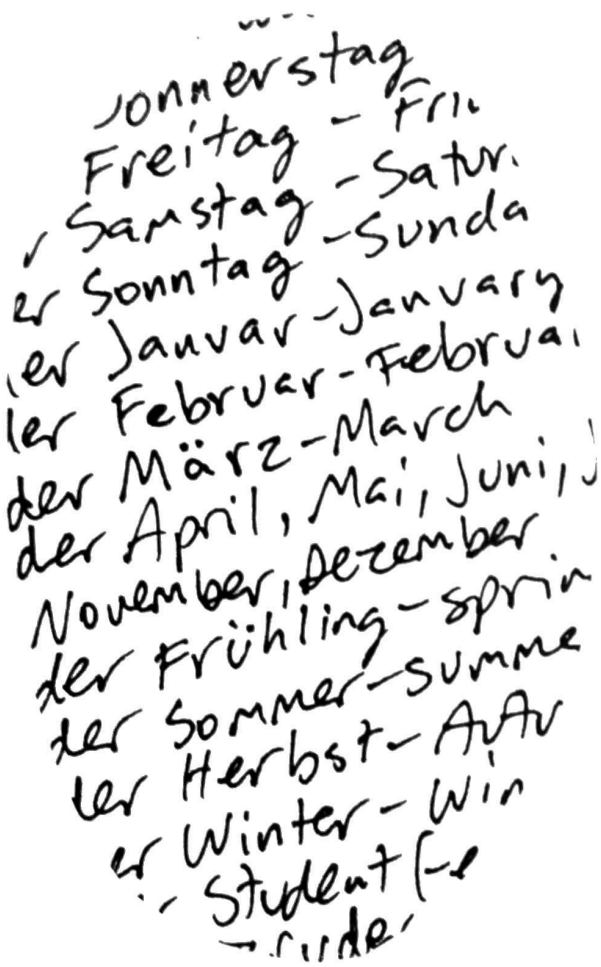
H to O

KEEP MOVING

End of the day madness - soothed with the whitest of Russians, and now I'm on the front porch dragging cancer like a ball and chain wrapped around my chest. Overwhelmed with nothing, yet everything swims fast like the river wild- swimming up stream.
Muggy, humid, upper-lip sweat glistening off alleyway lights. And let's not forget the dumpster smell. Draft picks up cigarette butts and leaves in a whirl wind swirl. And I step out from the eye of the storm to perceive the tubular spiral. And that's life: circles, cycles, oval shaped dreams in a cookie cutter life. It makes me giggle. I'm singing
"I don't need to walk around in circles," yet that's exactly what I'm doing.

GAMES

for people of all ages



British Bulldog

Number of Players:	8-30
Length of Time:	15-30 minutes
Playing Site:	Large open area
Object of the Game:	To avoid being tackled. For the bulldog to tackle people.

To Play:

One person is selected to be the "bulldog." All other players stand in a straight line side-to-side with arms extended to touch the fingertips of the next person. This establishes the width of the playing area. The length of the area should extend about 20 yards (to a finish line) from the line in which the players are already standing (the starting line). These lines are to be clearly identified.

The bulldog lies on his back in the center of the field of play. When one player yells "Go," the bulldog gets off his back and attempts to tackle one of the many players who are running en masse toward the finish line.

Once a person is tackled, he becomes the bulldog's assistant. In assuming this role, he joins the bulldog in tackling people as they once again proceed from one line to the other.

As more people are tackled, more people become the bulldog's assistants. This process continues until everyone has been tackled. The last person tackled becomes the new bulldog.

Variation:

"Pom Pom": A less rambunctious version of "British Bulldog" replaces tackling with tagging. Also in "Pom Pom" the person who is "it" begins the game standing rather than lying on his back.

Comments:

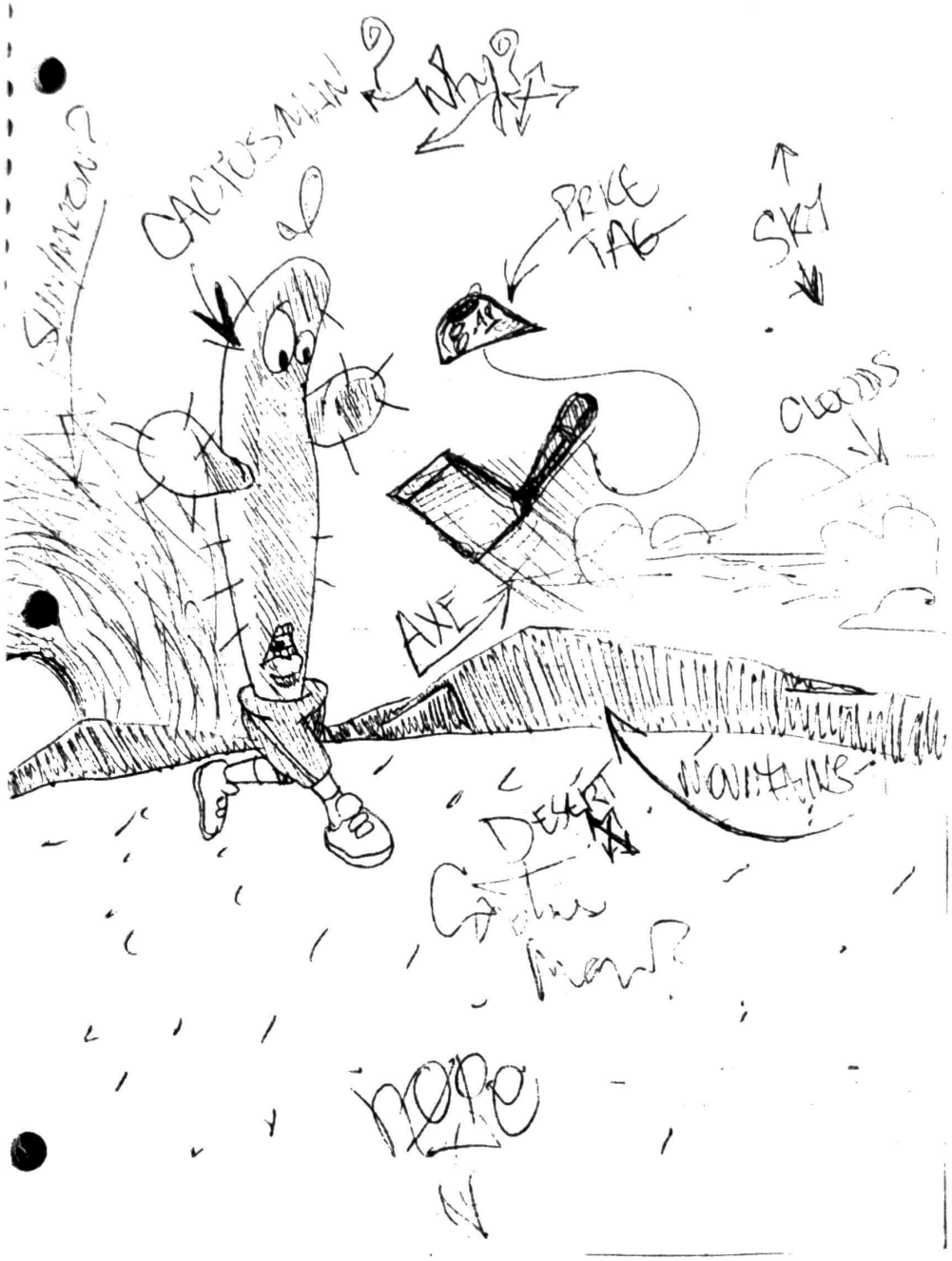
It is recommended that this game be played at a fast pace in order for it to be a valuable means of exercise.

Purpose or Benefit

"British Bulldog" is a popular boys' game and is a good tool for developing appropriate boldness and courage.

All opinions, expressed or inferred, are just that; Opinions...thrust from the author's hold, to survive for as long as they can. Let them die or let them live, the choice is yours.

THE NEW N.I.H.M.: Brian Beckstead, Erica... Erica Bready, BRUNCH, Sorrell Fowler, Haakenson, Maya Neumann, O'Connor, Mike Sparks, Yudt



A: Alpha
B: Bravo
C: Charlie
D: Delta
E: Echo
F: Foxtrot
G: Golf
H: Hotel
I: India
J: Juliet
K: Kilo
L: Lima
M: Mike
N: November
O: Oscar
P: Papa
Q: Quebec
R: Romeo
S: Sierra
T: Tango
U: Uniform
V: Victor
W: Whiskey
X: X-Ray
Y: Yankee
Z: Zulu
1: Wun
2: Too
3: Tree
4: Fower
5: Fife
6: Siks
7: Seven
8: Ait
9: Niner
0: Zeero